THE

DUPES OF FANCY

OR

EVERY MAN HIS HOBBY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE DUPES OF FANCY,

OR

EVERY MAN HIS HOBBY;

A NEW FARCE:

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

KING's THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

Suus cuique est mos.

By GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY, Esq.

DEDICATED to Mrs. JORDAN.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, J MOORE, W. JONES, R. M'ALLISTER, AND J. RICE.

M,DCC,XCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

To Mrs. JORDAN.

MADAM,

IN the Hours of Meditation, when the Mind was on its reſearches for a Patroneſs to the following Petit Drama, I was not long at a loſs for One to whom I might with propriety pay my reſpects. The very conſpicuous figure you have made upon the Stage, brought your Merits to my view, and from thoſe I thought there could be no impropriety in my laying this Trifle at your feet. The tutelary Siſters, Melpomene and Thalia, who preſide over all the Scenic Arts, have taken you by the hand and placed you on a pedeſtal ſo high, that Envy lowers her ſcowling front whene'er ſhe caſts her jaundiced Eye upon your exalted Station, for you juſtly aſſimulate the pathetic manners of

the one, and faſcinate with the bewitching archneſs of the other. This perhaps may look like flattery, but thoſe who know me, know *that flattery is a talent which I never yet poſſeſſed*, and, for the want of which, perhaps I may have hatched ſome Snakes and Scorpions who have endeavoured to breathe their venom upon the bloſſoms of my reputation. In the preſent inſtance certain malevolent Competitors attempted to ſting my riſing hopes and diſconcert the eminent and arduous exertions of the Performers, to whom I am ſo much indebted on this Piece's firſt eſſay ;—yet I had the ſatisfaction to ſee it baffle all their Spleen, and now, Madam, I ſubmit it to the APPROBATION of the PUBLIC, and hope it will receive your PROTECTION.

I have the Honor to Subſcribe myſelf,

MADAM,

your moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant,

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

Store Street, Bedford Square.

THE PRINTER *begs leave to obſerve that the Reviewers of Theatricals in the* MORNING HERALD *and other reſpectable* PRINTS, *who ſaw the Repreſentation, as well as the Editors of the* LONDON, EUROPEAN, NEW LADY'S, *and other* MAGAZINES, *have ſpoken of this New Piece in very Reſpectful Terms.* "*That it is replete with wit, whim, and good humour, and exhibits a well timed ſatire on the bent of fanciful individuals, demonſtrating that* Every Man *has his* Hobby, *and that all mankind, are, at ſome period of Life or other, the* Dupes of Fancy. *Upon the whole they pronounce this Farce to ſurpaſs mediocrity, and its merits juſtly deſerve that kind reception from the Public which it has experienced.*" *The Author is well known to the world by*

his Lectures on Mimicry, Imitations, and other humourous writings; and all lovers of dramatic productions and the Public in general, will be highly gratified by a ſight and peruſal of this Comic Piece.

On its firſt appearance at the Hay Market, ſome objections were made to its length, *particularly in the Dinner Scene, but by the Author's judicious curtailment for future Repreſentation, every objection of this kind will be obviated. It is however printed as originally written, and ſuch parts of it marked as were omitted in the repreſentation. It is preſumed it will be performed this Summer, at many of the Watering Places throughout the Kingdom, and that it will be brought forward with ſome amendment and alteration next Seaſon at the King's Theatre.*

THE PRINTER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

TINTEM, a Floriſt, -	MR. BADDELEY
GRUB, a Butterfly Fancier,	MR. SUET.
WILLINGFORD, betrothed to Miſs Tintem,	MR. DIGNUM.
GABY, Mr. Tintem's Servant.	MR. BANNISTER, Jun.

WOMEN.

MISS TINTEM, Niece to Mr. Tintem,	MISS COLLINS.
DOLLY, Miſs Tintem's Servant, -	MISS POPE.

N. B. The Parts of this Entertainment marked with Inverted Commas thus "" were omitted in the Repreſentation.

BRITISH
8 MR 1921
MUSEUM

PROLOGUE,

Written by a Friend of the Author.

(THE ACTOR COMING ON THE STAGE AS IF IN ANGER WITH THE PROMPTER.)

I WISH your Prologues all, were in the Sea,
You're ſure to ſaddle ev'ry one on me.—
Each trembling Author, ſhews a frighten'd mind,
And cries to me—Pray will you be ſo kind
And ſay a word or two, to palliate
The apprehenſions that around me wait.—
A pretty taſk!—and, nothing more, in brief,
Than feeling guilty, hollows out—"Stop Thief!"
Should the thing pleaſe—pray, what do I get by't?
I'll tell you what—I prologuiſe each night.—
Wit, like a Diamond, is bright and ſcarce,
Our Author's Wit (poor ſoul) is all *a Farce*;
You'll ſee it clearer ere the matter's ended,
But, ſaying little, is the ſooneſt mended.—
I've got a part to play—'tis time to budge,
Hoping, that while you liſten, you will judge
With Mercy—nor make abſolute the *Caſe*,
Leſt the poor Author fall into diſgrace.

BRITISH
8 MR 1921
MUSEUM

THE DUPES OF FANCY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Kitchen.*

Gaby discovered tying on his neckcloth, and seemingly to be admiring himself in the looking glass, when Dolly *comes in and taps him on the shoulder.*

Dolly.

WHAT is that which you are taken with so much, Mr. Lazy bones? why you have been looking at yourself this half-hour, and now you look as if you were frightened out of your wits!

Gaby. Frighten'd!—frighten'd at what?

Dolly. At yourself to be sure, and I do not wonder at it; why your head looks like a rumpled hen that has gone through a hedge backwards, and your face is as pale as a parsnip.

Gaby. You are making me out a ſtrange creature forſooth, may'nt a body tie on one's neckcloth without being frightened out of one's wits at the looking-glaſs?

Dolly. Tying on your neckcloth truly;—heavens what a ſloven;—why you have not above half tied it;—I ſuppoſe you will be for making love to me with your collar open again.—You look in the face for all the world like the picture of the ſtarved poet, in my maſter's dreſſing room.

Gaby. Faith and troth, you are full of your ſkits, Mrs. Dolly; but for all that, I have heard people ſay, that to be careleſs is to be modiſh.

Dolly. Modiſh, modiſh, ha! ha! ha!—I never ſaw ſuch a modiſh ninny as you before, it is enough to make one kill one's ſelf with laughing, I am ſure you ſhall never go into the parlour ſuch a comical figure as that—only look at yourſelf again.

Gaby. Why, how would you have me look?

Dolly. Like a man to be ſure.—You that are drawn for the militia too—why you ought to look like a ſoldier!

Gaby. How in the name of patience am I to look like a ſoldier before I'm taught?

Dolly. Let me put on your neckcloth, and I'll ſhew you how.

Gaby. Ah, that you ſhall, and thank you too.

Dolly. Kneel down then, and you ſhall ſee what a comely figure I will make of you.

Gaby. Kneel, aye, that I will and pray too, if you like it, my dear little chick-a-biddy.

(Gaby *kneels while* Dolly *ties his neckcloth ſo tight, that it almoſt choaks him.*)

Dolly. There! there! there!—you ſeem now as if you had a little blood in your face, you look like a ſoldier now with a witneſs.

Gaby. (*Struggling*) Murder! murder! murder!—Oh, pray!

Dolly. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, now ſince I have brought you to your prayers I am ſatisfied, and you ſhall be releas'd—but it is a pity you had not been choak'd, you look'd ſo pretty.

Dolly.

Dolly. And ſhould you have lik'd to have ſeen me choak'd, Dolly?

Dolly. Choak me if I ſhould not.

Gaby. Why, Dolly, now that's ſo cruel of you.

Dolly. Why?—becauſe you're ſuch a lazy, lubberly, ſlovenly creature.—Don't you know that this is Saturday, that Alderman Grub is coming to viſit Maſter, and you've got nothing ready?

Gaby. Lord help you, be'ant I always ready, what would the woman have me to do?

Dolly. What?—why there are all the knives to clean; my Maſter's new wig to comb out; the tobacco pipes to wax at the ends; and the ſand diſhes to be got in readineſs—you know that they ſmoke like a couple of Turks!

Gaby. Lord bleſs me, I had forgot all that to be ſure.

Dolly. I knew you had, you've a precious memory, but my Maſter would not be apt to forget you I fancy, if you had not got them all prepared in time;—you know he is never ſo happy as when ſurrounded with ſmoke.

Gaby. Nor I neither, Dolly—Lord, it is my heart's delight.

Dolly. I'm glad to hear that, for it convinces me that you will make a better ſoldier.

Gaby. What are they ſo fond of ſmoke then?

Dolly. Every good ſoldier is fond of the ſmoke of gunpowder to be ſure.

Gaby. Oh, I never lik'd that ever ſince I had like to have been blown up with it the laſt fifth of November; I'll tell you all about it;—you muſt know that I had got a whole pound of powder, and was making of ſquibs.

Dolly. Making of ſquibs was you, and ſo, I ſuppoſe you went off in a cracker? [*Bell rings.*

Gaby. Odds-bobbs! Maſter's bell rings.

Dolly. Aye, and if he catches you here with your gunpowder ſtories, he will be for blowing us both up. [*Exeunt* Gaby *and* Dolly.

SCENE II.

(Mr. Tintem *is discovered in his morning gown and velvet cap, surrounded with garden pots, flower-sticks, and a pen stuck in his cap, with which he marks some of the labels.*)

Tintem. They say that every man has his hobby horse, and without one has something in pursuit, life is as insipid as tripe, without mustard or vinegar.—My hobby-horse is my flower-garden, and I can ride that with safety, for I shall never be afraid of that kicking me in the stomach, or breaking my neck with stumbling.—I expect my friend Grub here by and by, and think that I shall amaze him with the variety of colours, which I shall present to him in my amphitheatre.—Mr. Grub has his hobby horse too, but his horse is a butter fly;—I often tell him, that he is as fond of pursuing a fly, as a fish or a swallow.—But I must make haste, he will be here soon, and if we should not happen to have the dinner on table exactly at *one*, he will be for stinging me with reproaches, and buzzing in my ears like a gnat.

Enter Gaby.

Gaby. Did you ring, Sir?

Tintem. Yes, to be sure—yet one would have thought that you had forgot it, by your being so long in coming—What was you about?

Gaby. Nothing, Sir.

Tintem. I suppose so—I should have been angry with you had you not told me the truth, for that is one of the hardest things in the world to get at.

Gaby. Oh, Sir, I always tell the truth.

Tintem. You are mistaken, I am afraid, and have marr'd all; you only told me truth by way of accident, because you was too dull of invention, and had not time to tell me a falshood.

Gaby. I never tell a falshood, Sir, but when I cannot help it.

Tintem.

Tintem. Well,—I hope Dolly told you that Alderman Grub was coming to dine with me to day?

Gaby. Yes, Sir.

Tintem. And are all things in readineſs?

Gaby. Yes—Sir;—No—Sir.

Tintem. Yes, Sir; no Sir!—here ſeems to be a lie, and a true ſaying, both in a breath, which of them am I to believe?

Gaby. Which you pleaſe, Sir.

Tintem. I ſuppoſe ſo—therefore I am inclin'd to believe that you have got nothing ready.

Gaby. 'Faith, Sir, you have hit it.

Tintem. Hit it, have I?—Why you audacious Scoundrel, I have a good mind to hit you; I'll knock you down, you blockhead—Where is my Wig?

Gaby. Upon the block, Sir.

Tintem. I wonder that *you* have it not *on* then; is it dreſs'd?

Gaby. No, Sir, not quite dreſs'd.

Tintem. I declare I have a good mind to give you a good dreſſing—go to your brother block and finiſh it immediately; it is inſufferable to have two blockheads in the houſe at once. But firſt take this, and bid the gardener to place it in the Amphitheatre; the third row; between that of Arrogance and Indifference; being a modeſt flower, its bluſhes will be the more diſtinctly ſeen. [*Exit Gaby.*

"What a ſtrange thing is fear, it ſits as Lord Chief "Juſtice of our Conſcience, and often extorts a falſ-"hood, or makes us tell the truth, by being over-"aw'd from Apprehenſion of Conviction—This fel-"low of mine, take him in common as a ſervant, is "not a bad one;—he has always an inclination to "tell the truth, yet his heart is never courageous "enough to prevent his giving way to a falſhood—But "how goes time—(*pulls out his watch*) odds ſo, it is "almoſt twelve o'clock, we ſhall have Maſter Grub "here by *one.*"

[*Rings the bell.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Did you ring, Sir?

Tintem. Aye, how goes on the Dinner?

Dolly. As faſt as the Jack and Fire can make it, Sir;—Cook, Sir, is broiling away like a poſt-horſe in the Dog-days.

Tintem. And if ſhe ſhould happen to be a minute too late, my friend Grub would have no more mercy upon her, than the haſty rider upon his jaded ſteed.

Dolly Cook, you know, Sir, is a little rough in her paces, if he were to fall foul of her, he might ſtand a chance to be ſlung and get his baſtings.

Tintem. Where's my Niece—Mrs. Prate-apace.

Dolly. In her dreſſing room, Sir.

Tintem. Tell her it is Twelve o'Clock—Mr. Grub will be here preſently; bid her get ready to receive him, and not be behind hand, as ſhe generally is upon theſe occaſions.

Dolly. Oh, never fear her, Sir; ſhe may be ready to receive him in order to pleaſe you, but ſhe will be the more glad to get rid of him to pleaſe herſelf.

Tintem. What do you mean by that, you impudent baggage,—hey?

Dolly. I can hardly tell what I mean, myſelf, Sir;—but there is a certain old gentleman that will acquaint you ſoon enough I warrant you.

Tintem. An old Gentleman!—What old Gentleman, Huſſy?

Dolly. Why, Sir, the old Gentleman that goes ſee ſaw, ſee ſaw in the face of our clock, who has got only one lock of hair on his forehead, and a ſcythe in his hand;—old Maſter Time.

Tintem. Was there ever ſuch inſolence?—Away with you then, and don't ſtay loſing *your* time here, but mind your buſineſs, and take care that every thing be properly placed. [*Exit Dolly.*

Mean while I'll go and take a peep into the garden, and, like a good and prudent Miniſter, ſee that my affairs be properly arrang'd fit for the eye of public inſpection. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Houſe.*

Enter Mr. Willingford *diſguiſed as a Ballad Singer with Songs.*

Here is the place, and this the temple wherein reſides the Goddeſs of my affections:—while I like a poor and devoted Pilgrim have wander'd hither thus diſguis'd, to render up my offerings, and ſoothe thoſe pangs of love which rankle in my breaſt—I have taken this diſguiſe, leſt I ſhould be diſcover'd by the imperious and avaricious eye of one that is fix'd by fate as a guard to check the inclinations of her lenient boſom.—Therefore will put my little ſtratagem into execution, by ſinging an old Engliſh Ballad, and ſee if I cannot attract the notice of ſome of the domeſtics; to whom, I may communicate my purpoſe, and thro' whom I may perhaps have an opportunity of ſeeing the beloved object of my heart.

Song (Mr. Willingford.)

I.

Of all the girls that are ſo ſmart.
There's none like our Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half ſo ſweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

II.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the ſtreets does cry 'em,
Her mother, ſhe ſells laces long,
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em:

Put

But ſure ſuch folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

III.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely.
But let him bang his belly full,
I bear it all for Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

IV.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt,
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm dreſs'd, all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

V.

My maſter carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed;
Becauſe I leave 'em in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named;
I leave the Church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

VI.

VI.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
Oh, then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
And give it to my honey;
Ah, wou'd it were ten thouſand pounds,
I'd give it to my Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

VII.

My Maſter and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A ſlave and row a Galley.
But when my ſeven long years are out
Oh, then I'll marry Sally;
Oh, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

Dolly *and* Gaby *enter in the middle of the Song and liſten—and when it is finiſhed go up to* Willingford, *and buy one each.*

Dolly. Faith you ſing well, Maſter, let me have one of your Songs, I like them vaſtly.

[Willingford *gives a Song.*

Gaby. And ſo do I, come let me have one, too.

[Willingford *gives him two.*

Nay you have given me too many—I only aſk'd for one, and you have given me two.

Willingford. Why did'nt you ſay *one, two?* and that makes a couple to be ſure.

Gaby. Does it ſo, Mr Sharpſhins, but one will do for me, I thank you; tho' I wiſh it had been Dolly of our Alley—inſtead of Sally of our Alley, then I ſhould have been ſinging it all day to my ſweetheart, here.

Dolly.

Dolly. Sweetheart!—you're a pretty fellow for a ſweetheart to be ſure;—come, come, come along in and mind your buſineſs, or elſe inſtead of a *ſweetheart*, you may chance to meet with a *four* face from my Maſter by and bye.

[*As they are going* Willingford *interrupts them.*

Willingford. Dolly! Dolly!

Dolly. Dolly! Dolly!—How the deuce did you come by my name ſo pat?

Gaby Why, I told him to be ſure.

Willingford. Don't you know me?

Dolly. Know you!—not I.

Willingford. Don't you know Mr. Willingford?

[*diſcovering himſelf by throwing off his cloak.*

Dolly. Mr. Willingford! mercy upon me; oh! dear, you have almoſt frightened me out of my wits.

Gaby. As ſure as I am alive it is Mr. Willingford, why it has ſtruck me almoſt into an Egyptian Mummy.

Dolly. Come in, Sir, pray come in, and let me hide you as faſt as I can, I would not have my Maſter ſee you for all the world.

Gaby. Nor I either—not but that I am glad to ſee you, don't you be afraid of that.—Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing at it—this is a comical kind of a joke.

Dolly. Come in, Sir, for heaven's ſake, and let me hide you, or elſe it will be a *Tragical* joke, I'm afraid.

Gaby. Aye, away with you, Sir, away with you for your own ſake, for Dolly's ſake, and for my ſake; we'll take care of you—tho' hide and ſeek is no bad game by the bye—I know one that will be glad to find you.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Miſs Tintem *in her dreſſing-room, reading.*

Miſs Tintem. The ſtory which I have been reading, puts me exactly in mind of poor Mr. Willingford and myſelf.—His father died, and left him nothing but a good education, and the wide and hazardous world to ramble in;—*Mine* bequeath'd me all he had by his *will*, but left me no *will of my own*;—he has made me over to the care of an avaricious uncle, until I arrive at the age of twenty-one, which, thank heaven, is almoſt at hand; yet he wiſhes to transfer me to a beaſtly creature, who would fain preſent himſelf to me as a huſband—but I will die firſt—I am told they cannot force me to marry any body againſt my will, and that is a comfortable conſolation.—Ah! poor Mr. Willingford, when I think of thee———

Dolly ſpeaking in a hurry from the ſtair-caſe.

Dolly. Miſs, Miſs, Miſſey!

Miſs Tintem. What's the matter?

Dolly. Come down ſtairs and I'll tell you.

Miſs Tintem. Why can't you tell me while I am above ſtairs?

Dolly. There is ſomebody juſt come in, who wants to ſpeak with you.

Enter Dolly,

Miſs Tintem. I know who you mean, therefore I ſhall not hurry myſelf.

Dolly. No you don't; if you did, I fancy you would talk in a different ſtrain.

Miſs Tintem. Is the girl mad?—I wiſh you would not take the liberty to teaze me in ſuch a manner—you know I hate the fellow.

Dolly What fellow?

Miſs Tintem. What fellow!—why the fellow that you are talking about—that naſty, fuſty, wig-pated fellow—Old Grub.

Dolly.

Dolly. Grub! Grub!—he is no Grub; he is a gentleman every inch of him, and a pretty one too.

Miſs Tintem. Who is he then, why don't you tell me?

Dolly. Why, who ſhould it be but Mr. Willingford?

Miſs Tintem. Mr. Willingford!—bleſs me, you have ſtruck me with aſtoniſhment—I hope my Uncle has not ſeen him; if he has, we ſhall have a ſad piece of work, and all our hopes will be totally overſet.—Where is my Uncle?

Dolly. In the Garden.

Miſs Tintem. And where's Mr. Willingford?

Dolly. I have taken care of him, he's ſafe enough out of harms way, I promiſe you.

Miſs Tintem. Is he?

Dolly. Aye that he is.

Miſs Tintem. Where is he then?

Dolly. Where do you think?

Miſs Tintem. I cannot think, nor do I care, ſo he is but ſafe out of danger;—where is he?—prithee tell me, girl.

Dolly. Why I have ſlipp'd him up the back ſtairs, into my bed-room, I have got the key in my pocket, and here it is.

Miſs Tintem. Charming! you are a dear good creature, and I love you for it.—But what is to be done; I know not what to do, or what to ſay—I am all confuſion; I that ſhould at this moment be nothing but contrivance and manœuvre, am, by the preſent unaccountable flurry on my ſpirits, rendered incapable of every thing, that might be the means of my future happineſs.

Dolly. I'll endeavour to help you out—I'm not in love you know—I've got no flurry on my ſpirits.

Miſs Tintem. You are the beſt of creatures, and ſhall never have occaſion to repent this act of kindneſs.

Dolly. I'll tell you what then—you know my Maſter and old Grub, always go poking and pottering about the garden after dinner, and will be for holding their *argumentations* of an hour and a half long,

long, about their flowers, their butterflies and the deuce knows what.

Miſs Tintem. Well then—what then?—my dear good girl—what then?

Dolly. What then?—why then you will have nothing to do after dinner, but to let Mr. Willingford know that you are alone and you won't want company, I warrant you.

Miſs Tintem. After dinner!—Now you talk of dinner, what is he to do?—Muſt the poor dear creature ſit ſtarving in your bed-room all the time; I dare ſay he has not dined;—did you aſk him?

Dolly. Dined?—Why I am told that your true lovers never want to eat.

Miſs Tintem. Prithee don't be fooliſh.

Dolly. Don't make yourſelf uneaſy, Miſs, I was neither ſo fooliſh or ſo bruiſh, but I had thought enough about me to take care of him.

Miſs Tintem. In what reſpect?

Dolly. In reſpect to his dinner—for I have ſent him up a cold *Collection* as they call it, and provided him with ſome veal and ham; the cold giblet pye, ſome cold pudding, by way of ſettling his love, and a bottle of wine to waſh it down whenever he pleaſes.

Miſs Tintem. Excellent!—you delight me—(*Bell rings.*) that is my uncle's bell.—Go, and aſk what he wants, and let me know immediately.

[*Exit Dolly.*

I am delighted with the frankneſs and attachment of this good natured girl, but extreamly agitated at the ſtate of poor Mr. Willingford; ſure it is the moſt provoking and tantalizing ſituation in the world—The man I love, and whom I have not ſeen this month, to have him under the very roof with me, and even there depriv'd the ſight of him, when inſtead of receiving him as I ought, to have him lock'd up in a ſtate of apprehenſion and fear, is hard indeed!

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Miſs, my Maſter is in the ſtrangeſt mood imaginable, and deſires that you will come down immediately.

Miſs Tintem. Tell him that I am coming (*Exit Dolly.*) he will find me in as ſtrange a mood as himſelf; —I have juſt as little inclination to ſit down to dinner, as I have to hear the converſation that I am likely to be peſtered with while I am at the table.

[*Exit Miſs Tintem.*

SCENE V.

(*Changes to a dreſſing-room, and diſcovers* Mr. Tintem *buckling on his ſhoes, ſtill in his cap with his hat over it, he rings the bell.*)

Enter Gaby,

Gaby. Did you want me, Sir?

Tintem. Where's my wig, Sirrah? Muſt I dine in my Night-cap think you? go and fetch it immediately, or I'll have you ſet in the ſtocks for diſobedience.

Gaby. Sir, I have done it—I have got to the hundred and fortieth curl, and have only five more to do.

Mr. Tintem. Five, you Scoundrel you, why, if there had been five hundred Curls, you might have done them before this time.—What is the reaſon you have not done it before?—I inſiſt upon knowing. (*takes him by the Collar*)

Gaby. I'll tell you indeed, Sir, if you won't be angry.

Mr Tintem. Tell me then, immediately.

Gaby Why then, ſince the truth muſt out, it it muſt;—that bitter fury of a Cook, Sir!

Mr. Tintem The Cook! What has ſhe thrown it upon the fire in one of her Tantrums?

Gaby.

Gaby. No, Sir;—but as I hope to be ſav'd, I was only getting a ſop in the pan, and the great ſplaw-footed creature puſhed me down, and ſo, to ſave my head from going into the fire, I tumbl'd with my hands into the Dripping-pan, which ſcalded my poor fingers ſo much that I was oblig'd to run to Doctor Seret's in order, as a body might ſay, to get them *nointed* before I could make uſe of them again.

Mr. Tintem. I wiſh you and the Cook were both in Heaven.

Gaby. Heaven forbid Sir!

Mr. Tintem. Heaven forbid indeed—Go and fetch my wig, I ſay, bring it to me done or undone?

Gaby. I'm gone, Sir. [*Exit Gaby.*

Mr. Tintem. I'm out of all patience,

Re-enter Gaby.

Gaby. Sir, Sir, Sir!

Mr. Tintem. What is the matter now?

Gaby. Mr. Grub is arriv'd, Sir, and the clock is juſt upon the ſtroke of one.

Mr. Tintem. Bring in my wig, call down my Niece, and carry in the dinner. [*Exit Gaby.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Sir, if you pleaſe, Miſs deſires that you will excuſe her coming down to dinner to day.

Mr. Tintem. Excuſe? I'll have no excuſe—What is the matter with her now?

Dolly. She's got a ſad pain in her ſtomach, Sir.

Mr. Tintem. Pain in her ſtomach?—A good dinner is the beſt remedy in the world for a pain in the ſtomach—tell her to come down immediately.

(*Enter Gaby in a great hurry with the wig*)

Gaby. Here it is, Sir;—here it is at laſt.

(*He tumbles over the ſkirts of Dolly's gown.*)

Mr. Tintem. Here it is—here it is—No there it is—I think there it is—You villain you've ruin'd me—I wish you had broken your neck with all my heart!

Gaby. 'Twas not my fault, Sir,

Mr. Tintem. Not your fault, you Scoundrel?

Gaby. No, Sir.

Mr. Tintem. No! Whose fault was it pray?

Gaby. Dolly's, Sir.

Dolly. Mine? Oh, Monsterous!

Gaby. Yes, if your confounded long train had not been in the way, I should not have had this misfortune!

Mr. Tintem. Why her train seems always to be in your way—this is the second time to day that you have got yourself entangled in her skirts—One would think that you were blind—Come you blunder-skull, you, put it on as it is, I must make the best of it now, and see if you can find the way to shew Mr. Grub into the parlour; Dolly, run and call your Mistress down, away with you both.

[*Exit Tintem, Dolly, and Gaby at different doors.*

SCENE VI.

(*Changes to a Dining Parlour,—enter Mr.* Tintem *and his Niece to Mr.* Grub. *Gaby brings in the Dinner and waits.*)

(*Mr.* Tintem *gives* Grub *a hearty shake by the hand.*)

Mr. Tintem. Mr. Grub, I am heartily glad to see you—always punctual—punctual as the clock—you gentlemen of the City look sharp after Time.

Grub. Consider the hour, Master Tintem, it is dinner time, and my stomach generally looks sharp after that—but my eye, my eye, Mr. Tintem at this moment, looks very sharp after something else—My dear,

dear, Miſs Tintem, how do you do?—My dear little ſweetheart how do you do?

Miſs Tintem. I thank you, Sir, but very indifferent.

Grub. Indifferent!—I'm very ſorry for that, but I hope you will never be indifferent to me.

Gaby. (*aſide*) You ſeem to be but a very indifferent creature at the beſt.

Mr. Tintem. Come my good friend—Sit down—ſay, what I ſhall help you too?

Grub. Why, Sir, if you pleaſe, I will thank you for a little of the roaſted Pig—I am glad you have got a young Pig, there is nothing that I love better than a young Pig, and every thing that is young, ſo does my dear little girl there, I dare ſay, does'nt ſhe?

Gaby. (*aſide*) Oh, what an amorous devil!

Miſs Tintem. Wou'd you wiſh me, Sir, to be fond of nothing but what is young?

Grub. No, to be ſure, (*ſpeaking with his mouthful.*)

Miſs Tintem. Then you never can expect that I can be fond of you.

Gaby. (*aſide*) That's a douſer for you, old one.

Mr. Tintem. The devil's in the girl to be ſure; you'll never get Mr. Grub for a huſband, while you paſs ſuch compliments as thoſe upon him.

Grub. Oh, never mind the little Puſs—for as to compliments, and all *them there* kind of things, I never minded *them*,—nay, to tell you the truth, I always hated compliments. (*eating*)

Mr. Tintem. I ſhould think it ſtrange, indeed, if you could ever love them, eſpecially, if they came in the manner my Niece beſtows them on you.

Grub. Ah, let the little thing ſay what ſhe will ſhe will never be able to make me quarrel with my Victuals.

Miſs Tintem. That I really believe. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Will you give me leave to help you to a little of this roaſted Duck—I aſſure you it is highly ſeaſon'd; and ſeems to be well dreſs'd—a clean plate, Gaby.

Grub. Roasted Duck!—I was always very, very fond of a roasted Duck.

Gaby. What a fond creature it is!—(*aside*)

Miss Tintem. I dare say, that will be his answer to every thing upon the table, (*aside.*)

Mr. Tintem. Shall I help you to a leg or a wing, Master Grub?

Grub. Both if you please, my very good friend.

Gaby. 'Tis a pity he had not the whole Duck, feathers and all. (*aside*)

Mr. Tintem. That's right, I like every body to speak their mind, it shews the proper freedom of spirit, and saves a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

Grub. I *likes* Freedom, and I *hates* trouble,—you may be sure of that by the speeches, you must have heard me make in Guildhall—I say nothing now, but don't you think that we are in a sweet situation?

Mr. Tintem. Sweet! not very sweet at present; for you must confess we have been rather soured of late.

Grub. Soured—pray by what means?

Mr. Tintem. Why I think the sweetness of our situation has been greatly abated by the high price your Company has set upon Sugars.

Grub. Oh! that has prov'd a monstrous good thing to our Company.

Mr. Tintem. But monstrous things are not at all times the most pleasant, either to the Eye or to the Mind, and I know of no monster so frightful, to the greatest part of his Majesty's Subjects, as that Monster call'd Monopoly.

Grub. A Monopoly! I never saw any of *them there* creatures in all my Life—Pray, Sir, what are they like? And what part of the world do these Monopolies come from.

Gaby. (*aside*) Lord, they are to be seen at Exeter Change or the Lyceum every Day.

Mr. Tintem. From all parts, I fancy, but it is an animal that seems to thrive more in this Country than any other.

Grub.

Grub. Ah, Master Tintem, you seem to be more acquainted with *these here* matters than I am—you have travelled a good deal you know; I've told that you have been to all the Watering-places in England; but as to my part I was never any farther than Margate—I went there and came back by Water, which made me so sick of the Journey, that I don't think I shall ever go there again.

Mr. Tintem. No, indeed?

Grub. No not I—Besides they are such a set of imposing Rascals, that they would often charge me Sixpence for a half-penny's worth of Small Beer, and you know one can get a quart of good sound porter in London for three-pence half-penny.

Mr. Tintem. Ah, you will find imposition in every part of the kingdom now-a-days.

Grub. A little more Duck if you please.

Gaby. I knew he'd finish it. (*aside*)

Mr Tintem. How do you like it—don't you find the sauce rather predominant.

Grub. "I have not tasted any yet—I wish you "would give me a little of it."

Mr Tintem. "A little of what?"

Grub. "Why a little of the Predominant as you "call it—I suppose that is some new kind of sauce, "I wish you would give me a little of it."

(*Mr. and Miss* Tintem *endeavour to smother a laugh.*)

Mr. Tintem. I beg pardon, Master Grub, but you can't help being entertaining.

Grub Aye, that's my way—I'm generally said to be the life of the company.

Gaby. I'll be hang'd if he be'ant as great a Gaby as myself. (*aside*)

Mr. Tintem. Will you drink a glass of wine?

Grub. With all my heart, and I dare say my little intended will not refuse to join me.—I'll give you a toast, if I can remember one—odds—bobbs I have it—I'll give you, "Love without Interest."

Miss Tintem. With all my heart, Sir.

Mr.

Mr. Tintem. That's good—I muſt join you in that—Come, "Love without Intereſt"

(*In the drinking,* Grub *gets ſome of the wine down the wrong way, and coughs exceſſively—Mr.* Tintem *and Miſs riſe from the table.*)

Mr. Tintem. Lord bleſs us, what is the matter—call in Dolly! [*rings the Bell.*

Gaby. Dolly! Dolly!—make haſte, bring in the ſmelling-bottle—bring in the hartſhorn—Mr. Grub is *a-dying.*—Some water too!

Mr. Tintem. I hope it is no ſpaſm.

Enter Dolly,

(*With a bottle of hartſhorn in one hand, and a baſon in the other.*)

Apply the bottle to his noſe, and the water to his temples immediately—I hope it is no apoplexy.

Miſs Tintem. No, I do not think it is that, I fancy it was only the toaſt ſtuck in his ſtomach.

Mr. Tintem. (*to Gaby*) Toaſt! Toaſt!—why you damn'd villain, have you put toaſt in the wine?

Gaby. Toaſt, Sir!—toaſt!—Lord, Sir, I never did ſuch a fooliſh thing in all my life!

Mr. Tintem (*to Miſs*) Why did not you ſay that the toaſt ſtuck in his ſtomach?

Miſs Tintem. I only meant the ſentimental toaſt which he had given himſelf.

Mr. Tintem. Oh, he revives!

Grub. (*recovering*) Mercy upon me, where am I?

Gaby. In our houſe, Sir.

Grub. Oh! my poor head—Oh! my ſtomach, I thought that I ſhould have been choaked.

Dolly. Ah! poor gentleman, that would have been a pity indeed! (*ſarcaſtically*).

Mr. Tintem. Bleſs me, my good friend, I have been ſadly alarmed; but I aſſure you, I am over-joyed to ſee you ſo much recovered.

Grub. I thank you, my very good friend—I thank you.—What do I ſee, my dear little ſweetheart?—I warrant ſhe has been ready to cry at my miſfortune?

Miſs Tintem and Dolly. Ha! ha! ha!

Grub. Is that the way you ſhew your feeling?—what do you laugh at my affliction?

Miſs Tintem. I beg your pardon, Sir,—I did not laugh at your afflictions, but your expreſſions.

Dolly. Lord, Sir, do you think that my Miſtreſs is to fall a-crying every time you choak yourſelf with eating, or ſuffocate yourſelf with drinking?—ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Tintem. Gaby and you Miſs Tartar, take the dinner things away, (*they take away*) and Madam my Niece, you ſhall be confined to your dreſſing-room without ſociety.

Grub. Nay, don't be cruel to her, don't baniſh her this time; her laughing was perhaps only an innocent frolick—a liberty, you know, that lovers will take with one another, now and then.

"*Mr. Tintem.* Sir, ſhe muſt not be indulged in "this way—but conſole herſelf alone, 'till ſhe can "behave better.

"*Grub.* Oh, the little piggy wiggy—it grieves me "to hear ſo cruel a decree.

"*Miſs Tintem.* It is no cruelty to me, Sir, I can "aſſure you.

"*Mr. Tintem.* There's for you again—come, Sir, "you and I will go and take a peep into the garden, "while ſhe ſits a little by herſelf, ſo that ſhe may be "ſoftened by reflection.

"*Grub.* Ah, Maſter Tintem, you are a wag—"you ſeem to know how to manage the Ladies to a "nicety—perhaps it may be all for the beſt.—My "dear little intended, don't you mourn—don't you "get piping now by yourſelf—a little abſence, they "ſay, is ſometimes a great *ſedement* to love—is it "not, deary?"

Miſs Tintem. You'll excuſe me if I laugh a little—I cannot help it now, ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Tintem. Away with you, Madam, we ſhall be back to tea—then ſee if you can prepare it in time, and meet Mr. Grub in a more agreeable humour.

Grub.

Grub. By, by!—don't you get piping I ſay.

Miſs Tintem. Ha! ha! ha! By, by! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Grub. What a ſweet bewitching, wicked little devil it is! [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I, *The Garden.*

Enter Tintem, Grub, *and* Gaby.

Mr. Tintem. A fine chearful afternoon I proteſt!

Grub. The weather is chearful enough it is true, but as to myſelf, I am melancholy enough.

Mr. Tintem. I am ſorry for that—why ſhould you be melancholy—what's the matter?

Grub. That little Niece of your's, runs ſtrangely in my head.

Mr. Tintem. I'm glad to hear that; 'tis a good ſign.

Grub. And yet my mind is not perfectly at eaſe about her.

Mr. Tintem. Better and better ſtill, I ſhould be ſorry if it were.

Grub. I am very much obliged to you for your kindneſs; it ſeems to be a laughing matter to you, but it is otherwiſe to me.

Gaby. I wiſh he be'ant love ſick already. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Ha! ha! ha!—quite touched I ſee—poor Mr. Grub, ſhe ſeems to have got faſt hold of you my friend.

Grub. Nay, not not ſo faſt as you imagine.

Mr. Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. What is the matter with you then?

Grub. Why, to tell you the truth, I do not think that ſhe ſeems to pay me ſo much attention as I could wiſh.

Mr. Tintem. No!

Grub. No——there is very little affection, I am afraid, about that tittering heart of her's—I doubt ſhe does not love me truly.

Mr. Tintem. Not love you?—never trouble yourſelf about that—I'll make her love you.

Grub. What, whether ſhe will or not—that muſt be a curious ſecret indeed.

Mr. Tintem. Aye, I know the proper phyſic for the ladies when they happen to be diſobedient.

Grub. Phyſic?

Mr. Tintem. Aye, Phyſic.

Gaby. I wiſh they may not be going to give the poor creature love-powder. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. She is in my power at preſent, and *ſhall* marry you whether ſhe will or not, and when ſhe is yours, you know what you have to do.

Grub. What is that?

Mr. Tintem. Why you have nothing to do then but to keep her under your thumb.

Gaby. Under his thumb! and if he does, I wiſh ſhe may not ſlip through his fingers. (*aſide*)

Grub. I am told there is a Mr. Willingford, a young ſpark, to whom ſhe turns a willing ear; if ſo, it will be a difficult matter to wean her of him.

Gaby. You are right enough there, old Gentleman. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Oh, never let that give you any concern; he is nothing but a Boy, and Beggar.

Grub. As to his being a Beggar, that will be no impediment, eſpecially if he has been ingenious enough to coax her Heart from her.

Mr. Tintem. Oh, never mind the heart, ſo you have got the Body.—Poſſeſſion you know is every thing.

Grub. Aye, but the mind often ſets the Body capering.

Mr. Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. Confound your capering apprehenſions I ſay—Why, you talk like a Simpleton—what and you be afraid of?

Grub. There was a confounded Stag's head, and an aukward pair of horns in your hall, which look'd butt in my face as I entered your houſe to day, and I cannot help thinking them *omnious.*

Gaby. What a cowardly old fool! (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Mr. Grub, Mr. Grub, take care what you ſay—"My Niece was the daughter of my brother "—my brother was the ſon of my mother, and my "mother was the pattern of Virtue—No, Mr. Grub, "if you have any qualms of that kind in your mind "you've miſtaken the ſtock;" the blood of the Tintem's is of a peculiar dye, pure as the peerleſs Stream, and chaſte as the mountain Snow.

Grub. And as cold too, I'm afraid.

Mr. Tintem. Cold?

Grub. Aye, cold, I think;—why your niece always looks as chilly as an Icicle at me.

Gaby. One would think ſhe was dead by his talking. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. You don't like the match perhaps.

Grub. Yes, my very good friend, I *like* the match very well,—but—but—

Mr. Tintem. You would like the money without the match I ſuppoſe?

Gaby. The devil doubt him (*aſide*)

Grub. No, no—I don't ſay that either, your Niece is young and beautiful, a little ſweet creature any body might be fond of, and I will do her the juſtice to ſay that I think ſhe would like any young fellow better than me.

Gaby. You never ſaid a truer thing in all your life. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Well, well, we'll drop the ſubject at preſent, and after another interview or two, you will be better able to judge of her diſpoſition.

Grub. I think ſo too, and therefore let us go and amuſe ourſelves with a ſight of your Hobbyhorſe, as you call it.

Mr. Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. And ſo you ſhall;—go you on, Gaby, and tell Jonas the gardener to place this flower as I told you before, then return home, and fetch me the key of the pinery—I have forgot it.

[*Gives him the flower.*

Gaby. Where did you ſay it was to be placed, Sir, between *ignorance* and *impudence?*

Mr. Tintem. No, Mr. Impudence;—between *arrogance* and *indifference*, they are two very faſhionable flowers. [*Exit Gaby.*

Grub. And therefore muſt be akin to the gentry Gaby was talking of I ſuppoſe.

Mr. Tintem. Couſin Germans I aſſure you.

[*Exeunt Trintem and Grub*

SCENE II.

(The Drawing-Room in Tintem's *Houſe.)*

Enter Mr. Willingford, *Miſs* Tintem, *and* Dolly.

Dolly. There—I'm glad you are once more got together, and I wiſh that Old Harry would break the ſhins of him that parts you. [*Exit Dolly.*

Miſs Tintem. What a comical girl!

Mr. Willingford. What a good one! ſhe has been the providential inſtrument of our preſent bleſſed interview.

Miſs Tintem. Do not call that thing bleſſed, which chance may have an opportunity of overturning.

Mr. Willingford. My dear Miſs Tintem, I reſt on hope and truſt in providence, you know I am a child of her's; and Chance muſt be a churl indeed, ſhould ſhe at this moment thwart me in my wiſhes.

Miſs Tintem. What are your wiſhes?

Mr. Willingford. It rather ſurpriſes me that you ſhould aſk.

Miſs Tintem. I do not doubt but you will be polite enough to reſolve me then.

Mr. Willingford. Moſt certainly, and that from my heart—ah, me! I wiſh that you were mine, but that you know already, and your aſking me to tell you now, ſeems as if you doubted me.

Miſs Tintem. I do not doubt; but, when I conſider the preſent ſtate of things, I am rather ſurpriſed that you ſhould perſevere in running after me, eſpecially when I ſhall tell you what a formidable rival you have to encounter.

Mr. Willingford. A rival! is it poſſible?

Miſs Tintem. It is true, and that is more.

Mr. Willingford. I am ſorry for it.

Miſs Tintem. And ſo am I; for he is a favourite of my Uncle's, and a wealthy one alſo.

Mr. Willingford. And perhaps you love him too.

Miſs Tintem. You ſhall ſee him by and by, then you will be able to judge, if it be poſſible for me to reſiſt him.

Mr. Willingford. Indeed! this is a circumſtance I did not expect; this gives me a pain more exquiſite than ever I felt before.—Is it poſſible?

Miſs Tintem. Is what poſſible?

Mr. Willingford. That you ſhould love him.

Miſs Tintem. Nay, I have not told you that—you ſhould ſtay till you are convinced. (Amiable creature, but I'll totture him no further) [*aſide*—Come, come, chear up—one would think that you ſuſpected me;—it carries danger with it, if your doubts begin to quicken only on *report*.

"*Mr. Willingford. Report* is a dangerous fiend,
"ſeldom to be credited; but the doubts I have, aroſe

"from

" from what you ſaid yourſelf, and never did I hold " your word ſo ſlight, as not to credit whatever you " have been pleaſed to tell me.

" *Miſs Tintem.* I do believe you, and therefore I— " I—I——

" *Mr. Willingford.* Speak out.

" *Miſs Tintem.* It is—it is—" Time enough yet" " as the ſong ſays.

" *Mr. Willingford.* But ſhall I tell you what I " hope you was going to ſay.

" *Miſs Tintem.* That might ſhew too much conceit " in you perhaps, and put a maiden to the bluſh."

Mr. Willingford. Well ;—it is enough—I ſhall reſt ſatisfied without doing the one or ſaying the other, and truſt to the event.

Miſs Tintem. But to digreſs a little from the preſent parley, Dolly told me of all your ſtratagem, how ſhe diſcovered you, and that you ſang charmingly.

Mr. Willingford. I am afraid Dolly has deceived you.

Miſs Tintem. Will you give me leave to judge?

Mr. Willingford. I can deny you nothing, as I know you have generoſity and candour enough to overlook defect, when poor Endeavour does her utmoſt to oblige.

Miſs Tintem. I hope ſo.

Mr. Willingford. I will try to ſing you a little ſong, which I made reſpecting the ſituation of a poor recruit, whom I once met upon a journey, lamenting that his ill ſtars had parted him from his favourite fair one.

SONG.

THE POOR RECRUIT.

I.

As I've plodded my way to some country town,
Full many a wearisome day,
My purse has contain'd but a scanty half-crown,
And that has soon melted away.

II.

Oft weary and sad on some wint'ry road,
With rain I've been wet to the skin:
Of my knap-sack grown tir'd, I've sought for abode
At some friendly good ale house or Inn.

III.

I've hop'd that good Fortune, in turning her wheel,
Would cast me, perchance, on the place,
Where the wound in my bosom wou'd instantly heal
At the sight of my Sally's dear face.

IV.

She grieves, for she knows how I'm destin'd to roam,
On the strength of my fusilow to rest;
And then she oft' wishes her Allen at home,
To bury his cares in her breast.

Enter

Enter Dolly in a hurry.

Dolly. I beg pardon for interrupting you, but I could not help telling you that Gaby is juſt return'd from the Garden, and ſays, there had like to have been a ſad piece of work about you both.

Miſs Tintem. What was the matter then?

Mr. Willingford. Do they know that I am here?

Dolly. No—but Maſter and old Grub had like to have quarrelled about you.

Miſs Tintem. In what reſpect?

Dolly. Why Mr. Grub had found out, (ſaving your preſence, Miſs) that you had an affection for Mr. Willingford.

Miſs Tintem. That is odd indeed—affection for Mr. Willingford!—who could tell him ſuch a piece of news as that—it is more than Mr. Willingford knows himſelf.

Dolly. Lord, Miſs—but I'll ſay no more.

Mr. Willingford. What had this quarrel like to have riſen from?

Dolly. What?—why Mr Grub was jealous of you to be ſure; and talked about the pair of ſtag's horns in the hall ſtaring him in the face this morning, which had given him the qualms.

Mr. Willingford. I wiſh they had butted him in the ſtomach, with all my heart.

Miſs Tintem. I have not ability to find out all this myſtery, I confeſs.

Mr. Willingford. 'Tis no matter.

Dolly. I dare ſay they will quarrel, I am ſure it would be the higheſt entertainment to you both, were you to go and liſten to their comical converſation.

Mr. Willingford. Is this Mr. Grub, as you call him, the gentleman you ſignified to be my rival?

Miſs Tintem. The ſame; I promiſed that you ſhould ſee him; therefore we can go and ſtand with ſafety and unſeen behind the old yew hedge near the amphitheatre, where you may at once behold his delicious perſon, and hear his bewitching converſation.

Mr. Willingford. Agreed.

Miſs Tintem. " Dolly, you muſt be ſure to take " care, ſhould we be put to flight, to find a ready " ſhelter again for Mr. Willingford.

" *Dolly.* Put to flight!—I know of no ſhelter in " ſuch a caſe, that would be ſo convenient as a tight " poſt chaiſe and four good horſes, to hurry you both " out of harms way in an inſtant.

" *Mr. Willingford.* An excellent thought.

" *Miſs Tintem.* Is the girl bewitched?

" *Dolly.* Not ſo bewitched, but I could tell you " which would be the beſt road you could take.

" *Mr. Willingford.* Bravo!

" *Miſs Tintem.* Prithee, girl, don't be fooliſh; " come let us go and liſten to the learned diſquiſitions " of my ſagacious Uncle, and the trite obſervations " of your more formidable rival.

" *Mr. Willingford.* With all my heart."

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III.

(*The Garden, with a view of the Amphitheatre*)

Enter Mr. Tintem *and* Grub.

Mr. Tintem. Here they are, Mr. Grub—here are my beauties—there's a diſplay for you—there's an

arrangement, all the colours of the rainbow; the eye is ravished with beholding, and the nose with smelling.

Grub. This is truly a fine sight, Master Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. Fine indeed! though I say it, Mr. Grub;—this is nature in her holiday cloaths; you say you are fond of flowers, Mr. Grub.

Grub. So fond of them, that I always buy a halfpenny nosegay when I can, and stick it in my bosom whenever I go to church on a sunday.

Mr. Tintem. Ha! ha! ha!—a halfpenny nosegay, Mr. Grub?—I beg your pardon, but you make me laugh—a halfpenny nosegay truly—they must have been weeds, my good friend;—weeds—what sort of flowers could they have been?

Grub. Sometimes a bunch of primroses, or the lillies of the valley; at other times I have treated myself with a few pale snow drops, or yellow crocuses; which in my opinion, are the first of flowers.

Mr. Tintem. The first of flowers—ha! ha! ha!

Grub. You must acknowledge that they are generally the first in the season.

Mr. Tintem. I will acknowledge that they are the first colour'd weeds which the spring throws up; but we do not place them under the denomination of flowers.

Grub. No!

Mr. Tintem. No—you talk of putting a whole bunch of flowers in your bosom for a halfpenny; when many a single root of some of the flowers now before you, have cost me ten, twenty, nay thirty pounds.

Grub. Mercy on me;—why you make me tremble at the very idea.

Mr. Tintem. Why should you tremble about it, when I have told you it is my Hobby-horse; and there are many of your high-flying dashers of the Turf, will give you a thousand or fifteen hundred guineas for a Hobby-horse, that shall crack a hole in the Fortune, or break the neck of his Rider, before he has had him a Week.

Grub.

Grub. Mercy on us;—when I think on the follies and extravagancies of the age, I bleſs my ſtars, that I happen'd to be born with ſo much prudence about me.

Mr. Tintem. Come come, Mr. Prudence, do not arrogate ſo much to your own merit;—you have got your Hobby-horſe too;—I am told that you had the liberality, when you was at Mr. Lottum's auction the other day, to give twenty guineas for a frame of dead butterflies.

Grub. Why that is *neither here or there*, as the ſaying is—We will not talk of *them there* things juſt now, but *as to the matter of that*, I don't know why I ſhould not have my Hobby-horſe, as you call it, as well as any body elſe.

Mr. Tintem. To be ſure—to be ſure;—yours you know is a fly, and mine is a flower, that is the difference—ſo we will drop the preſent parley, and look before us.

Enter Mr. Willingford, Miſs Tintem, Dolly *and* Gaby, *behind the Yew Hedge.*

Gaby. There they are, hard at it.

Miſs Tintem. Hold your impertinence, Mr. Simpleton, if we ſhould be diſcovered, it will mar all. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Here Mr. Grub, here's a flower for you, what do you think I call this?

Grub. Nay, I can't tell.

Mr. Tintem. Did you never ſee a ſign which bore a reſemblance to this

Grub. A ſign?—I have ſeen the ſign of the *Flower-de-Lucey*; the Roſe and Crown, and the Scotch Thiſtle, which I ſuppoſe is one of the Flowers of *Edinborough*. [*an inward laugh from behind.*

Mr. Tintem. Aye, but that is not the Idea—did you never ſee the ſign of a General like this flower?

Grub. A General!

Mr. Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. Aye, a General?

Grub. No truly.

Mr. Tintem. Why then, I'll tell you—That is the Duke of Cumberland!

Grub. The Duke of Cumberland!

Mr. Tintem. Aye, the Great Duke of Cumberland;—that flower made its firſt appearance in the Botanical world, in the Rebellion, Forty five;—was nam'd in honor of the Britiſh hero of that day, and ſuch a flower as this is enough to immortalize the memory of any General in the world.

Grub. What, is it an *Evergreen*, then?

[*a tittering from behind.*

Mr. Tintem. An Evergreen?—bleſs the man—Why, you ſeem to have no idea of vegetation at all;—no more taſte for a flower, than I have for a dead butterfly.

Grub. Yes, I have generally got a good taſte for them, when they produce a good ſmell to me, (*ſmelling*) but this flower ſeems to have no ſmell at all.

Mr. Tintem. Pſha;—what the deuce has ſmell to do with the beauty of a flower;—it is the colour we look at—the colour.

Grub. Odds ſo,—I ſuppoſe ſo.

Gaby. What a couple of comical creatures, ha, ha, ha (*from behind*)

Grub. Wiſt, Wiſt!—I heard a ſtrange kind of noiſe juſt now—you hav'nt any *Varment* about the garden, have you—no pole-cats or weaſels—I am ſtrangely fearful of thoſe kind of gentry;—and as to a rat! the very ſight of a rat would turn my whole maſs of blood into a poſſet. (*ſhews great apprehenſions, which cauſes a laugh from behind*) There again! I am ſure there are *Varment* about us.

Mr. Tintem. Vermin—the devil!—'Tis only ſome of thoſe curſed magpies who peſter the garden every day for the ſake of the cherries.

Grub. Magpies! I hate your Magpies, they are the moſt hateful *omnious* bird that flies.—I was at Cuckold's Point the other day, when I happened to be croſs'd by one of thoſe infernal Chatter-boxes, and

in

in a minute or two after, I had the misfortune to break both my ſhins over a hog-trough at my couſin Crumpler's the baker's door, which laid me up for a week. [*a laugh again.*

There again—there are certainly *Varment.*

[*ſhews much fear.*

Mr. Tintem The Magpies, I tell you, the Magpies,—Look you here, my friend, Grub; ſince you are fond of a flower that has got a ſmell—Here is one I fancy that will tickle your taſte, and your ſmell at the ſame time (*Grub takes up the flower pot*) Aye, that's right—take it up and ſmell to it—Put on your ſpectacles, and look at it—there is a Turban, there is your Furr, there is the very Saſh and Sabre of the Emperor himſelf.

Grub Emperor!

Mr. Tintem. Aye, Emperor;—that is the Emperor of Morocco!——

Grub. The Emperor of Morocco; why you deal in nothing but grand names—This flower, I perceive has got a charming ſmell, this is ſomething like a flower; the Emperor of Morocco;—grand, very grand,—a fine ſounding name, I proteſt. (*Grub turns up his eyes with a kind of rhapſodical ardour, and by accident diſcovers a fine butterfly, lets drop the flower-pot, and tumbles over it, then gets up in a hurry with his hat in his hand, purſuing the butterfly, and crying out*) Damme, there goes the King of Bohemia!

Mr. Tintem. (*In a great rage, runs and picks up the broken pot and the flower, crying*) Damn your King of Bohemia.

Grub. Damn your Emperor of Morocco! I would not have loſt my king of Bohemia, for all the Emperors in the world—no, not the Emperor of the Moon.

Mr Tintem. You wretch, you Nonentity, you thing without an Idea!

Grub You fool, you frantic, you Daiſey-hunter, you ſtem of a Dog-roſe, you bud of a Crocus, you ſtinking root of a Daffy-down dilly; I would not have

loſt

loſt my King of Bohemia for all the nonſenſical flowers in your garden.

Mr. Tintem. Why, you Catterpiller, you Bug, you Beetle, you Gnat, you Grub—I would not have had my Emperor deſtroy'd for all the contemptible collection of inſects which you have been ſcraping together theſe thirty years; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, that you behave like a dirty fellow.

Grub. Dam̃me, Sirrah, if it were not for fear of your taking the law of me, I would tell you a bit of my mind.

Mr. Tintem. Mind, mind?—why you have no mind, you are a meer inſect;—but I'll cloſe your mouth for you preſently—I'll lop your greedy expectations, I warrant you.

Grub. I defy you— I defy you.

Mr. Tintem. My Niece, you Cockatrice, my Niece.

Grub. Your Niece, I would not give a fig for your Niece.

Mr. Tintem. That is as falſe as you are fooliſh; you Rattleſnake, it is—"You would ſay very diffe-
" rent things, and tell a different ſtory, if her fortune
" were before you—you would give all your ſoul for
" that"—I wiſh poor Willingford was here with all my heart; you ſhould ſee that I would give her to him before your face.

" *Grub.* No, you would not—you love yourſelf
" too much for that—I know how fond you would be
" of giving her fortune to a Beggar; I dare you to
" that—I dare you to that!

" *Mr. Tintem.* I ſhall choak with rage.

[*They walk petulantly backward and forward upon the ſtage croſſing each other.*]

" *Dolly.* Now, Sir—Now, my dear Miſs—now is
" your time!

" *Gaby.*

" *Gaby.* Aye, now or never.

" *Mr. Willingford.* Aye, now is the time indeed.

" *Miſs Tintem.* I am terrified to death.

" *Mr. Willingford.* Never fear, have a good " heart, think of the event;—do not ſhrink, while " ſuch a plea as ours depends upon the moment.

[*From behind.*

" *Mr. Tintem.* Mr. Grub, give me leave to tell " you, Sir, that I think you have behaved like an " arrant ſcoundrel.

" *Grub.* Take care what you ſay, or I'll make the " gentlemen of the great Wig ſhake their heads at " you;—they'll make a good breakfaſt of the word " Scoundrel, in Weſtminſter Hall, I warrant you—" therefore I would adviſe you to take care what " you ſay.

" *Mr. Tintem.* You ought rather to be afraid of " what I may do.

" *Grub.* Why, what would you do?

" *Mr Tintem.* What!

" *Grub.* Aye, what?

" *Mr. Tintem.* If young Willingford was here, I would convince you in a minute.

" *Grub.* You would be for preſenting your Niece " to him I ſuppoſe?"

Mr. Tintem. Cripple me if I would not.

Grub. Cripple me if I think you would.

Mr. Tintem. Would to Heaven he was here this moment.

[*Mr. Willingford, coming forward with Miſs Tintem in his hand*]

Now, my dear Miſs Tintem. [*they both go up to Mr. Tintem and kneel at his feet.*]

Mr. Willingford. Here we both are, ready for your gracious confirmation.

(*Grub*

(*Grub and Tintem ſtart back, and look with amazement*)

Mr. Tintem. How is this—you have taken me by ſurpriſe—this act is rather ſudden upon me—yet, after all, may I be annihilated if I be not glad of it.—Now you Hornet, you Beetle, you Butterfly—you ſhall ſee that I will keep my word—you ſhall ſee that I will dare to do, what you dar'd me to—take her, lad—ſhe is your's—and Heaven bleſs you both together!

Dolly. (*falls on her knees*) Heaven bleſs your Honor! for this dear good-natur'd action.

Grub. Well ſaid, Mrs. Nettle-top.

Gaby. Huzza!—huzza! huzza!—The Emperor of Morocco for ever!—down with the King of Bohemia! down with your Grubs and your Catterpillars.

Grub. I don't like this—he has played me the devil of a trick—I don't like it—I knew thoſe curſed magpies would prove *omnious*. (*aſide*) So, Maſter Tintem, you have finiſhed the buſineſs rately, upon my word.

Mr. Tintem. Aye; and it is finiſhed as it ought to be—I hope I have convinced you that I am not only a Floriſt, but a Pugiliſt!—I think I have given you a fair trimming;—and now I will ſing with the Poet—"Revenge, revenge, revenge ſhall appeaſe "my reſtleſs ſpright."

[*ſings much agitated.*

Grub. Why you ſeem as if you were crazy, and foam at the mouth like a mad dog;—you have made a fine hand of it, truly, to give your Niece to ſuch a vagabond as that, who has not got a farthing in the world, and, in all likelihoood, will ſpend her fortune in a month.

Mr. Willingford. Sir, I will convince you, that he has beſtowed his Niece upon one that loves her, and one that is too ſenſible of the principles of a gentleman, and a man of honor, than to ſuffer himſelf and this amiable lady to be treated with ill manners, by ſuch a ſcoundrel as you are.

Grub. Take care what you ſay; a ſcoundrel, Sirrah!

Mr. Willingford. You ſhall ſee that I neither fear what I ſay, or care what I do, if you don't leave the room immediately, you ſhall feel the force of my reſentment. " In reſpect to ſuch a bloated piece of " conſequence as you are—Go home and take this, " by way of haſt'ning your journey—There,—there " —there! take that—

[*kicks him off the ſtage.*

Grub. Oh, you Villain, I'll make you bleed for this treatment, I will.

[*Exit Grub.*

Dolly. Take care of the *Varment!*
Gaby. Take care of the Magpies!
Dolly. And your Couſin Crumplet's Hog-Trough.

[*hollowing after him.*

Mr. Tintem. He is rightly ſerv'd—and now ſince the matter is over, I am glad that it is done, as it is done.

Miſs Tintem. It gives me infinite pleaſure, Sir, to hear you ſay ſo much.

Mr. Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. And I feel a ſecret ſatisfaction in having done ſo much. But, Willingford, how came you here ſo opportunely?

Mr. Willingford. Upon my Hobby-horſe, Sir.

Mr. Tintem. What you've got your Hobby-horſe too, have you?—Pray, what kind of a Hobby did you ride?

Mr. Willingford. My Hobby was a little Roſey boy, with airy wings call'd Love, led by a blind capricious guide, call'd Fortune, who from my cradle hath for ever thwarted me in my paths; but now the bounteous Goddeſs has brought me to the fountain of ſublunary bliſs, and crown'd me with the hand of this fair Lady, whom I love dearer than myſelf, and will cheriſh with the utmoſt efforts of my life.

Mr. Tintem. Well ſaid—You have honeſtly and fairly expreſs'd yourſelf, and confirm'd me alſo, that I have done right in this act; you have help'd to take away a load, which hung heavily about my heart; and it ſhall be my Hobby horſe in future, to make you both as happy as I can.

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